



and

THUNDA

KING OF THE CONGO

THUNDA

NO.3



10c

in this
issue:

"THE
DRAGON
DEVIL"

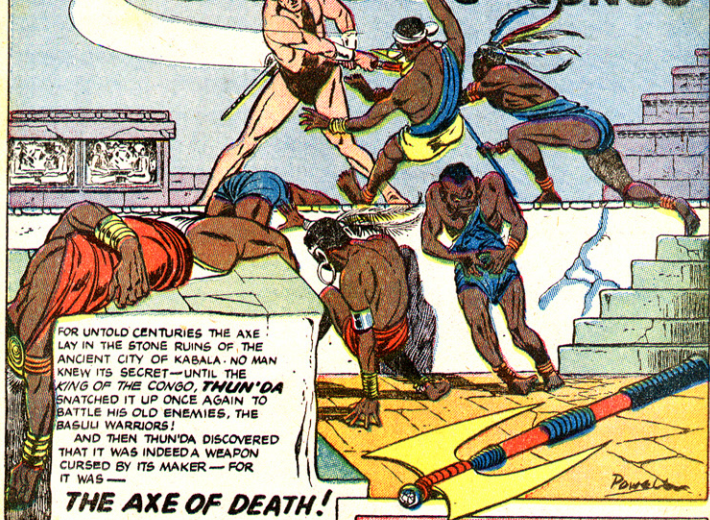




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THUN'DA

KING
OF THE
CONGO

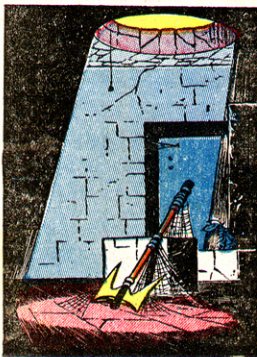


FOR UNTOLD CENTURIES THE AXE LAY IN THE STONE RUINS OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF KABALA. NO MAN KNEW ITS SECRET—UNTIL THE KING OF THE CONGO, **THUN'DA** SNATCHED IT UP ONCE AGAIN TO BATTLE HIS OLD ENEMIES, THE BASUJI WARRIORS!

AND THEN THUN'DA DISCOVERED THAT IT WAS INDEED A WEAPON CURSED BY ITS MAKER — FOR IT WAS —

THE AXE OF DEATH!

FOR CENTURIES, THE AXE LAY IN THE SHADOWS OF THE OLD STONE CITY. ONLY THE JUNGLE KNEW THE MAN WHO MADE IT, FOR THE JUNGLE IS UNDYING, AND THE JUNGLE REMEMBERS EVERYTHING

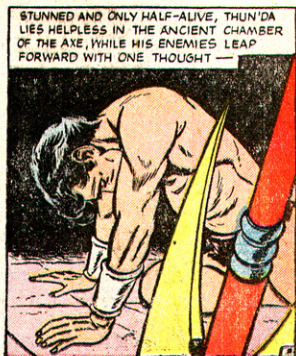
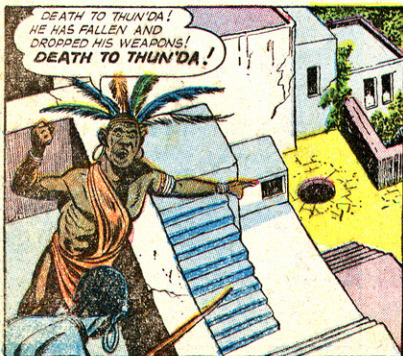
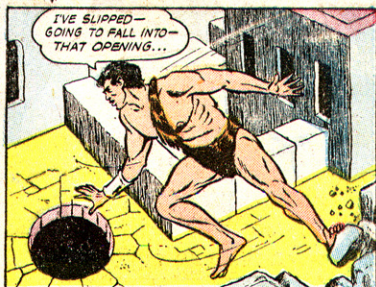
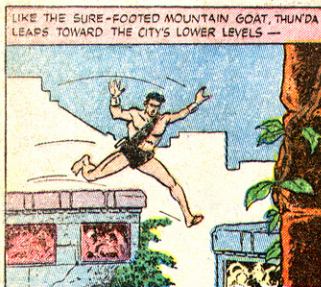
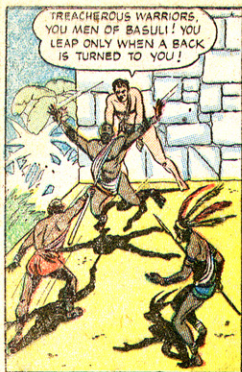


ABOVE THE WALLS OF THE FORGOTTEN CITY, THUN'DA—JUNGLE KING—FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE...



WE HAVE CORNERED THUN'DA!

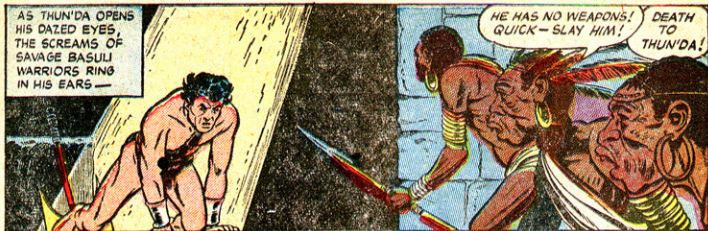
ALL—
SLAY
HIM!



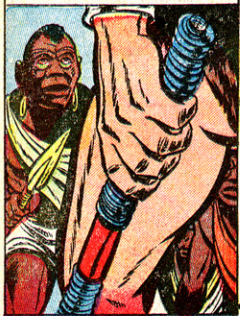
AS THUN'DA OPENS HIS DAZED EYES, THE SCREAMS OF SAVAGE BASULI WARRIORS RING IN HIS EARS—



HE HAS NO WEAPONS! QUICK—SLAY HIM! DEATH TO THUN'DA!



WEAPONLESS, HIS HAND GROPEs BACKWARD, AND HIS POWERFUL FINGERS CLOSE TIGHTLY OVER THE HAFT OF THE ANCIENT AXE...

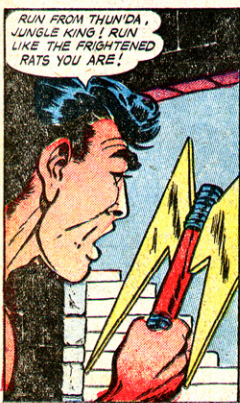


WITH A SNARL IN HIS THROAT, THE JUNGLE KING LEAPS FORWARD—

YOU SEEK DEATH! HERE IT IS!



RUN FROM THUN'DA, JUNGLE KING! RUN LIKE THE FRIGHTENED RATS YOU ARE!



FOR AN INSTANT THE JUNGLE LORD WATCHES HIS ENEMIES RUN BEFORE HIM— THEN HE STIFFENS SUDDENLY!

MY BLOOD—ON FIRE! EVERYTHING—GOING BLACK...!



BASULI, CHIEF OF THE BASULI, WATCHES FROM THE SAFETY OF THE JUNGLE, WONDER AND TERROR IN HIS HEART...

HAI! THE AXE KILLED THUN'DA! IT IS A MAGIC AXE—AN AXE THAT SLAYS BASULI'S ENEMIES WITHOUT BEING TOLD! I WILL TAKE IT WITH ME!

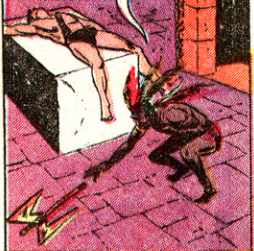


HIS HAND TREMBLING WITH EAGERNESS, BASULI STEALS THE AXE AS IT LIES BESIDE THE LIFELESS BODY OF THE JUNGLE GIANT...

NONE WILL STAND AGAINST BASULI WHEN HE CARRIES THE AXE OF DEATH! HAIL!

BASULI CARRIES THE AXE FOR ONLY TWO HOURS—FOR AS HE USES IT AGAINST A CHARGING RHINOCEROS—

THE AXE—KILLING ME! TURNING MY BLOOD TO FIRE! AAGGH!



FOR THREE WEEKS, THE AXE LIES BESIDE THE HYENA-EATEN REMAINS OF BASULI. AND THEN A WANDERING WAZUTI WARRIOR PICKS IT UP...

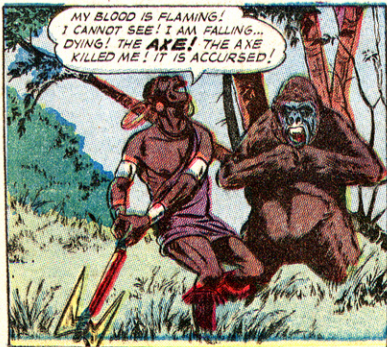
AIII! A WEAPON FOR A WARRIOR! THIS DEAD ONE MUST HAVE BEEN A WOMAN! HE DID NOT KNOW HOW TO USE IT!



A HAIRY MAN! A FINE ENEMY TO TRY THE AXE ON...



MY BLOOD IS FLAMING! I CANNOT SEE! I AM FALLING... DYING! THE AXE! THE AXE KILLED ME! IT IS ACCURSED!



AND SO THE AXE LIES ONCE AGAIN IN THE TALL GRASSES AWAITING THE NEXT HAND THAT WOULD LIFT IT...

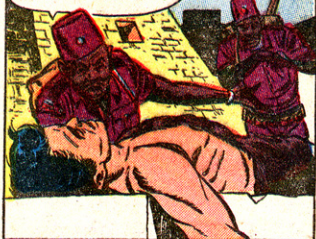


MEANWHILE, SOME WEEKS BEFORE, AS A FILE OF KENYA POLICE MOVE INTO THE JUNGLE...

BY JOVE! A MAN LYING ON THE RUINS OF THAT OLD STONE CITY! HE CAN'T BE DEAD FOR LONG. LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

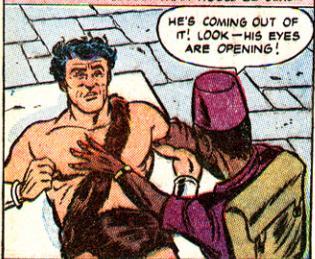


INCREDIBLE! HE'S BEEN **POISONED!** SYMPTOMS REVEAL THAT— WHY HE'S STILL ALIVE! QUICK— THE ANTIDOTE!



NO MAN BUT THUN'DA—WHOSE BODY IS AS STRONG AS THAT OF SIMBA THE LION—COULD THROW OFF THE FIERY POISON. A LESSER MAN WOULD BE DEAD...

HE'S COMING OUT OF IT! LOOK—HIS EYES ARE OPENING!



FOR TWO DAYS THE JUNGLE KING SHARES THE CAMP OF THE KENYA POLICE OFFICERS...

YOU SEEK SLAVE TRADERS? I HAVE SEEN NOTHING OF THEM! BUT I WILL REPORT ANY NEWS OF THEM TO YOU!

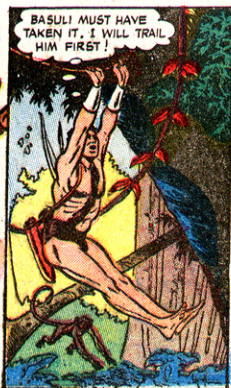
WHY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



SOMEWHERE IN THUN'DA'S JUNGLE THERE IS AN AXE OF DEATH! IT KILLS ALL WHO TOUCH IT! I MUST FIND IT AND PULL ITS FANGS—BEFORE IT KILLS ANYONE ELSE!



BASULI MUST HAVE TAKEN IT. I WILL TRAIL HIM FIRST!



LET'S MOVE ON. **WE** CAN'T FLY THROUGH THE TREES LIKE THUN'DA! WE'VE A LONG TREK BEFORE US!

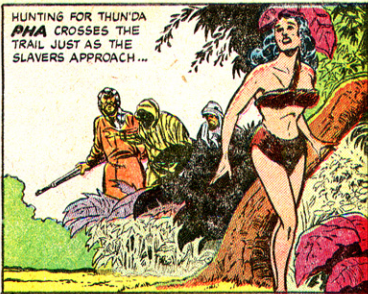
RIGHT YOU ARE!



MANY MILES TO THE NORTH, A LONG FILE OF ARAB SLAVERS MOVES THROUGH THE CONGO JUNGLE...



HUNTING FOR THUN'DA
PHA CROSSES THE
TRAIL JUST AS THE
SLAVERS APPROACH...



AAAIIIEE!

SCREAM, YOU BEAUTY!
THERE'S NONE BUT US
AND THE ANIMALS
TO HEAR!

SHE'LL FETCH MUCH GOLD
FROM THE DESERT CITIES TO
THE NORTH! SHE WILL MAKE
US ALL RICH! A GOOD
PRIZE!



TIED UP AND PLACED IN A HAMMOCK,
PHA IS BROUGHT ALONG. SOME MILES
FURTHER ALONG THE TRAIL...

BY THE BONES OF ALLAH!
WHAT A WEAPON! THIS, TOO,
SHALL BE SOLD FOR GOLD
TO A MUSEUM!



THAT NIGHT,
AS THE SLAVE
CAMP SLEEPS...

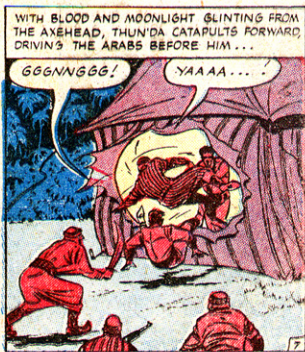
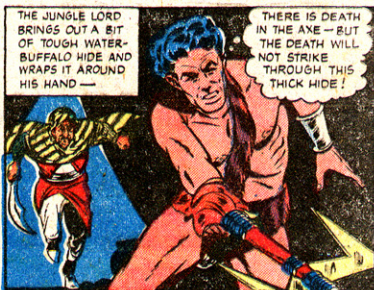
IT TOOK ME ALL DAY TO
LOOSEN THE SILKEN CORDS
THAT HELD ME—BUT I'M
FREE NOW AND GOING TO
BE EVEN FREER!

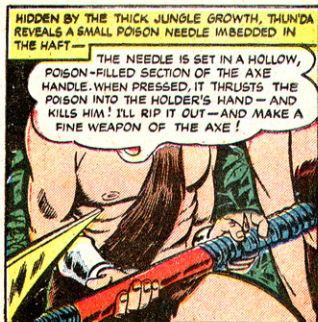
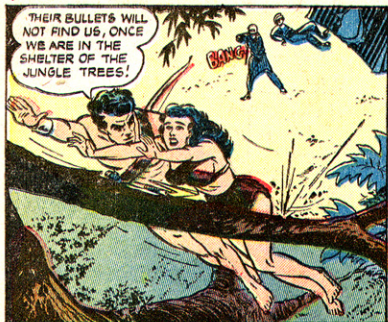
OH!!



BUT I'LL NEED A WEAPON TO
GO PAST THE GUARDS! AH—
THIS AXE THE ARABS
FOUND TODAY!







THE SLAVE MANACLES ARE SOON EMPTY, AND LEFT TO RUST IN THE JUNGLE GRASSES.



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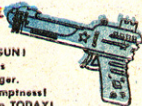
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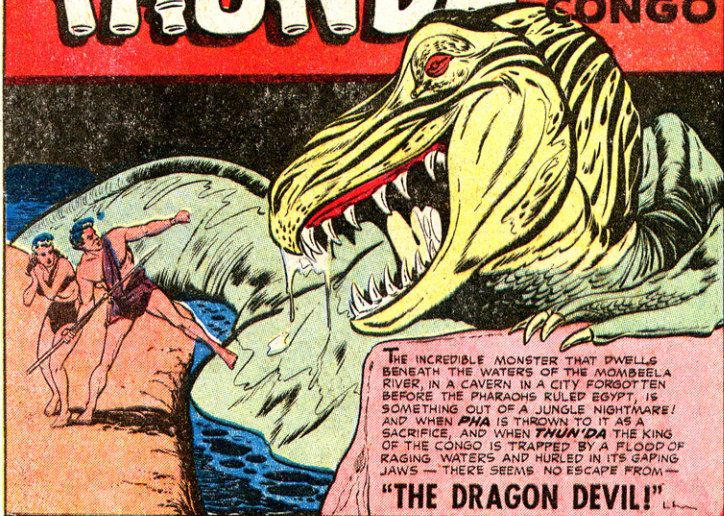
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THUN'DA

KING
OF THE
CONGO



THE INCREDIBLE MONSTER THAT DWELLS BENEATH THE WATERS OF THE MOMBEELA RIVER, IN A CAVERN IN A CITY FORGOTTEN BEFORE THE PHARAOHS RULED EGYPT, IS SOMETHING OUT OF A JUNGLE NIGHTMARE! AND WHEN **PHA** IS THROWN TO IT AS A SACRIFICE, AND WHEN **THUN'DA** THE KING OF THE CONGO IS TRAPPED BY A FLOOD OF RAGING WATERS AND HURLED IN ITS GAPING JAWS — THERE SEEMS NO ESCAPE FROM —

"THE DRAGON DEVIL!"

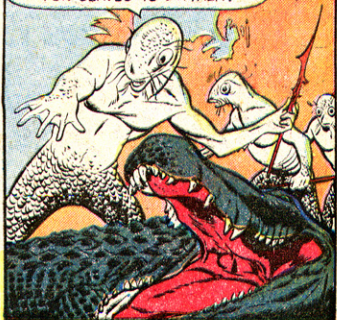
OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF THE TURGID MOMBEELA THEY COME, JAWS GAPING FOR THEIR PREY...

T'KAKKA, THE CROCODILE!
HE COMES WITH THE MEN-
WITH-WEBBED HANDS TO
STEAL AND SLAY!



DRIVING THE VICIOUS BEASTS ARE STRANGE MEN— MEN WITH DEAD-WHITE SKINS, AND THE HANDS AND FEET OF SEA ANIMAL...

TAKE YOUR YOUTH AND MAIDENS,
FOR SLAVES TO DWYALA!



POGOTI BOYS AND GIRLS ARE PRAGGED SCREAMING FROM THEIR KRAALS...

YOU WILL MAKE A FINE SLAVE! COME!

AAAiiiiEE!



THE POGOTI WARRIORS FIGHT WITH FURY, BUT THEY ARE NO MATCH FOR FIGHTING CROCODILES...



SOME DISTANCE AWAY, IN A LEAFY JUNGLE GLADE, THUN'DA PAUSES AT HIS MEAL WITH PHA —

LISTEN! SCREAMS AND THE SOUND OF MEN FIGHTING — COMING FROM THE VILLAGE OF POGOTI!

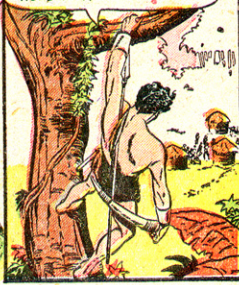


THE KING OF THE CONGO MOVES THROUGH THE THICK FOLIAGE OF THE JUNGLE LIKE A GHOST, SWIFTLY, SILENTLY...

SOMEONE ATTACKS THE POGOTI, WHO ARE MY FRIENDS!

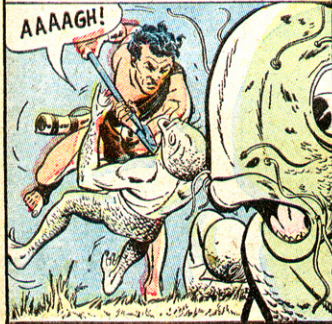


IT IS THE FISHMEN WHO ATTACK! THE SEA-MEN WHO LIVE IN THE ANCIENT CITY BENEATH THE WAVES! THE MEN WHO SERVE DWYALA AND WORSHIP A DRAGON GOD...!



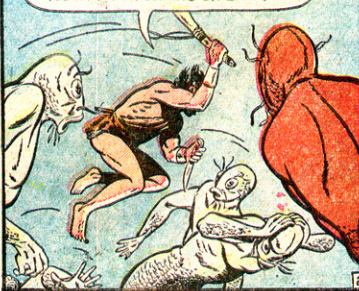
THUN'DA'S ARM MOVES UP AND DOWN! HIS SPEAR PARTS LIKE A FLASH OF LIGHT, TO BURY ITSELF IN THE BODY OF A SCREAMING FISHMAN!

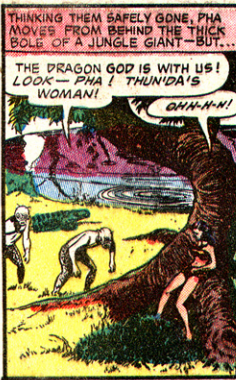
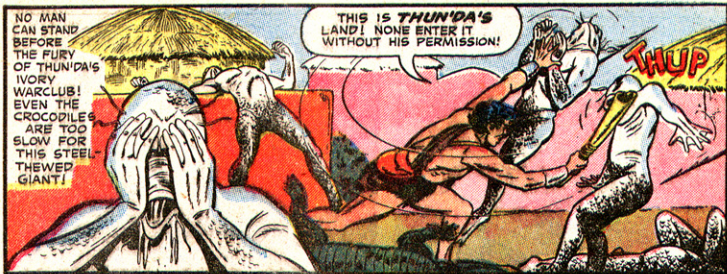
AAAAGH!



A MOMENT LATER, THE CONGO KING LEAPS LIKE AN ANGRY LION AMONG THE FISH PEOPLE...

BACK TO YOUR WATER HOME, DEVILS OF THE RIVER! DEATH IS THE PRICE YOU PAY FOR COMING ON LAND!





HIS GREAT LUNGS CRACKING WITH STRAIN, THE JUNGLE LORD SWIMS ON AND ON. SUDDENLY BEFORE HIM LOOMS A TITANIC BRICK WALL...

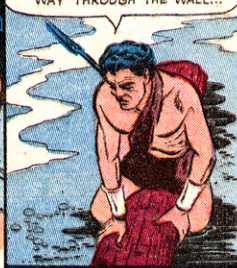
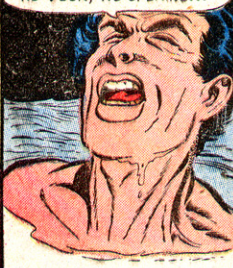
A MOMENT LATER, THE CONGO LORD RISES TO GULP GREAT BITES OF AIR...

THEN THUN'DA'S ATTENTION IS ATTRACTED BY BUBBLES RISING FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE RIVER.

THE WALL OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF SHARDA! BUILT BEFORE EGYPT WAS—BY PEOPLE FROM A PLACE CALLED ATLANTIS!

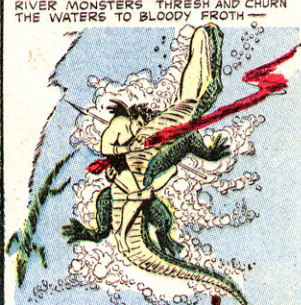
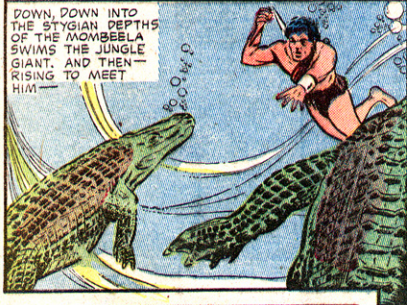
LUNGS—NEED AIR! GOT TO FIND A WAY IN, THROUGH THAT WALL. BUT THERE IS NO DOOR, NO OPENING...

SOME LIVING THING—WITH LUNGS—IS DOWN THERE! PERHAPS WHERE HE IS—THERE IS A WAY THROUGH THE WALL...



DOWN, DOWN INTO THE STYGIAN DEPTHS OF THE MOMBEELA SWIMS THE JUNGLE GIANT. AND THEN—RISING TO MEET HIM—

FOR DEADLY MOMENTS, JUNGLE KING AND RIVER MONSTERS THRESH AND CHURN THE WATERS TO BLOODY FROTH—



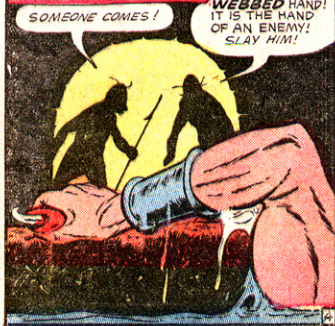
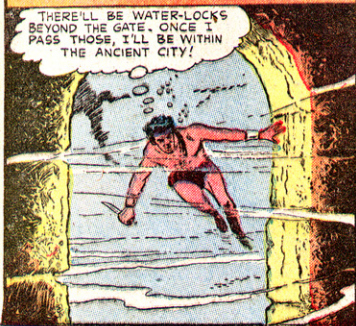
ONE FIGURE MOVES DOWNWARD, ALIVE! TWO OTHER FORMS RISE UPWARD SLOWLY—DEAD!

THERE'LL BE WATER-LOCKS BEYOND THE GATE. ONCE I PASS THOSE, I'LL BE WITHIN THE ANCIENT CITY!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

IT IS NOT A WEBBED HAND! IT IS THE HAND OF AN ENEMY! SLAY HIM!

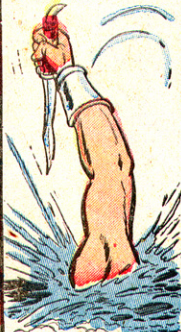
SOMEONE COMES!



TWO SPEARHEADS PART DOWNWARD AS THUN'DA EMERGES FROM THE UNDER GROUND RIVER. BUT THE CONGO KING MOVES WITH THE SPEED OF AN ANIMAL...

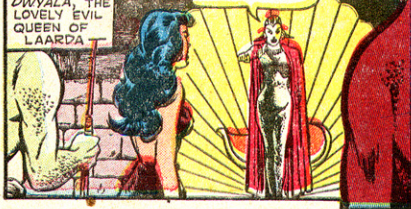
A KNIFE GLITTERS FOR A MOMENT—

AND THEN, BUBBLES RISE TO BREAK SILENTLY ON THE SURFACE—



MEANWHILE, PHA IS HUNG WITH CHAINS AND BROUGHT BEFORE THE THRONE OF DWYALA, THE LOVELY EVIL QUEEN OF LAARDA—

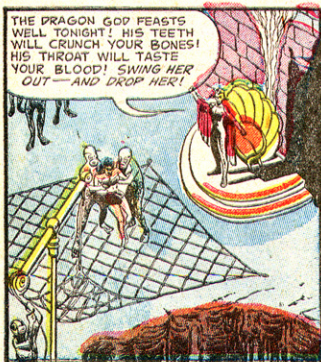
FOR LONG MOONS HAS THUN'DA DRIVEN BACK MY PEOPLE WHEN WE SOUGHT FOR SLAVES AND LOOT! HIM WE CANNOT HOPE TO CAPTURE! BUT NOW—WE HAVE YOU, HIS WOMAN!



YOU WILL BE HUNG IN A NET AND THROWN TO THE DRAGON GOD! YOUR BLOOD WILL ANSWER FOR THE DEATH THUN'DA HAS WROUGHT AMONG MY PEOPLE!...TAKE HER! BIND HER WELL!

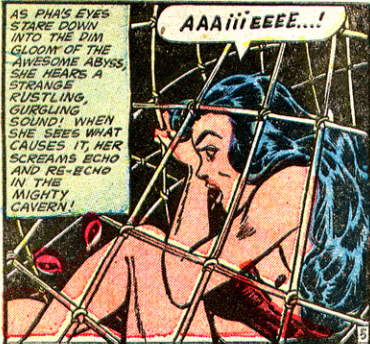


THE DRAGON GOD FEASTS WELL TONIGHT! HIS TEETH WILL CRUNCH YOUR BONES! HIS THROAT WILL TASTE YOUR BLOOD! SWING HER OUT—AND DROP HER!



AS PHA'S EYES STARE DOWN INTO THE DIM GLOOM OF THE AWESOME ABYSS, SHE HEARS A STRANGE RUSTLING, GURGling SOUND! WHEN SHE SEES WHAT CAUSES IT, HER SCREAMS ECHO AND RE-ECHO IN THE MIGHTY CAVERN!

AAAiiiiEEEE...!

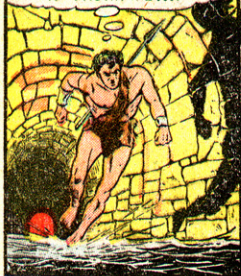


AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE CORRIDORS OF THE SUNKEN CITY OF LAARDA—

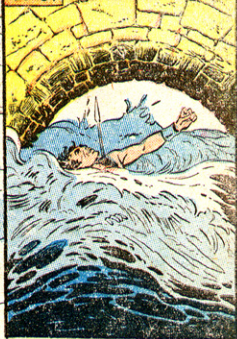
SOMEHOW, THEY'VE SEEN ME DOWN HERE! THEY'RE RELEASING LOCKS—FLOODING THIS CORRIDOR WITH WATER—TO DROWN ME...!

A BROILING, CHURNING TORRENT OF WATER FLOODS THE LONG CORRIDOR, LIFTING THE MIGHTY JUNGLE LORD AND HURLING HIM ALONG—

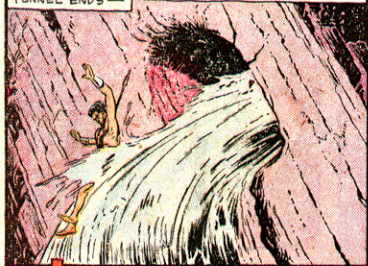
CAN'T FIGHT—THIS WATER...!



HALF-DROWNED, HE IS SWEEPED OFF HIS FEET, TUMBLED HEAD-
LONG!



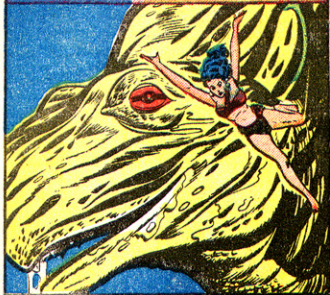
HALFWAY UP THE WALL OF THE DRAGON LAIR THE TUNNEL ENDS—



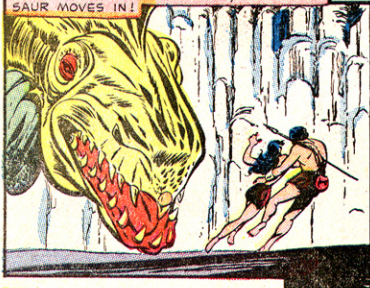
A MOMENT LATER, AS THUN'DA REGAINS HIS FEET, HIS BREATH CHOKES IN HIS THROAT AS HE STARES UPWARD AT—



ABOVE THE HEAD OF THE GREAT DINOSAUR, THE NET OPENS AND PHA TUMBLES DOWNWARD—



IT'S ANGRY RED EYES SNAPPING, THE DINO-SAUR MOVES IN!



THUN'DA!
THEY CAUGHT
YOU, TOO!
WE'RE GOING
TO DIE!

I DON'T SEE ANY
WAY OF ESCAPE! THAT
THING IS SO BIG EVEN
I COULD NEVER KILL
IT!



WE CAN'T—EVADE IT—
FOREVER! YOU'LL TIRE—
AND THEN—IT WILL EAT
US...!



NO USE! MY SPEAR
GLANCES OFF HIS THICK
HIDE AS A SPLINTER
GLANCES OFF A ROCK!

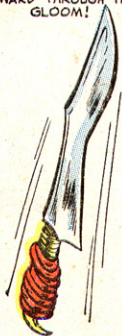


SUDDENLY THE JUNGLE KING WHIRLS,
CRYING OUT! HIS HAND DROPS
AND LIFTS...

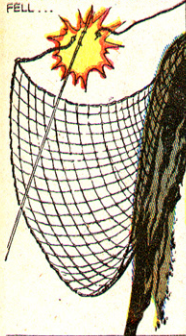
ONLY ONE THIN CHANCE
LEFT! IF THIS FAILS—
WE'RE DONE FOR!



AS IF FITTED WITH WINGS,
THE HUNTING KNIFE FLIES
UPWARD THROUGH THE
GLOOM!

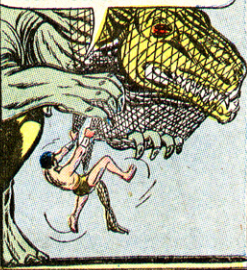


THE RAZOR-SHARP EDGE SLICES THE ROPE THAT HOLDS THE NET FROM WHICH PHA FELL...

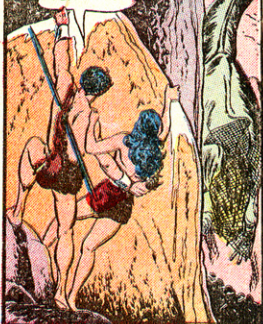


A MOMENT AFTERWARD, THUN'DA WHIPS THE ENTANGLING NET ABOUT THE THRASHING MONSTER!

THIS WILL HOLD HIM—LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO CLIMB THE ROUGH ROCKS OF THIS WALL!



CLIMB CAREFULLY, PHA! THE STONE IS WET—ONE SLIP MEANS OUR DEATH...!

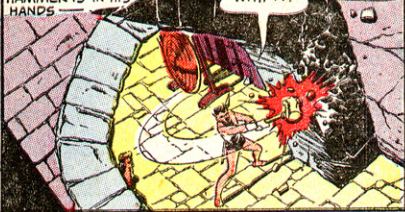


THIS IS THE CORRIDOR THEY FLOODED BEFORE! WE MUST RUN AS WE NEVER RAN BEFORE, LEST THEY FLOOD IT AGAIN!

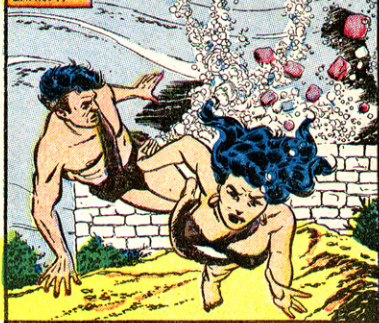


AS THEY EMERGE FROM THE CORRIDOR, THUN'DA SIGHTS THE KEYSTONE ARCH OF THE BUILDING. IN A MOMENT, THE GONG HAMMER IS IN HIS HANDS—

THIS CITY IS SO OLD THAT WHEN THIS ARCH GIVES WAY, THE REST OF THE STONES AND MASONRY OUGHT TO CRUMBLE WITH IT!

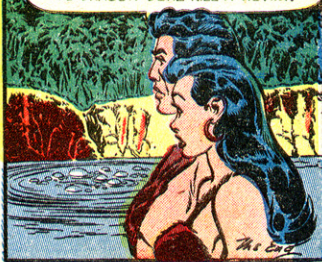


SIDE BY SIDE, THUN'DA AND PHA SWIM UPWARD AS GIGANTIC WATERS FLOOD INTO THE DYING CITY OF LAARDA—



LATER, AFTER THE TURBULENT RIVER WATERS HAVE CLOSED ETERNALLY OVER WHAT WAS ONCE THE SEA CITY OF LAARDA—

THE CITY OF THE FISHMEN IS DESTROYED. NO MORE NEED THE TRIBES FEAR THEIR CROCODILE RAIDS! NEVER AGAIN WILL THE DRAGON DEVIL KILL A VICTIM!



THUN'DA

KING OF THE CONGO

I SEE YOUR DEATH, THUN'DA!
I WHO READ THE FUTURE TELL
YOU THAT YOU SHALL DIE BY
CHOKING!



HIS EYES COULD SEE THROUGH THE VEIL OF TIME INTO TOMORROW AND THE DOZENS OF TOMORROWS TO FOLLOW IT! HE COULD READ THE PAGES OF WHAT-IS-TO-COME, FOR HE WAS MUMF'OOKA, WITCH DOCTOR OF THE BAHINDI TRIBE, THE GREATEST WIZARD OF THE CONGO!

AND WHEN HE TOLD THE KING OF THE CONGO—THUN'DA—THAT HE WOULD DIE BY HANGING, THUN'DA KNEW THE TIME HAD COME TO END—

"The Terror of the Witch Doctor!"

IN THE KRAALS OF THE BAHINDI PEOPLE, ONLY ONE FIRE LIGHTS THE NIGHT SKY. THAT IS THE SACRED HERB-FED FIRE OF MUMF'OOKA...

LOOK! SEE THE FIRE!
SEE HOW IT CHANGES!

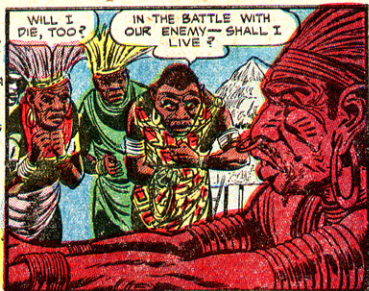


I SEE KUVIROO, THE HUNTER! THE GREAT LION SPRINGS UPON HIM, AND HIS JAWS CLOSE OVER HIS FACE! HE DIES! HE DIES! AND HABIBBI! I SEE HIM, TOO...!





FEAR AND TERROR ARE THE THINGS MUMF'OOKA SELLS. GOLD AND PRECIOUS THINGS ARE GIVEN THAT THESE FEARS MAY BE STILLED...

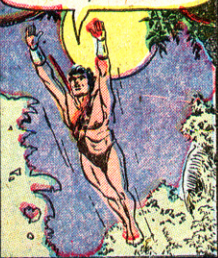


ON THE THICK BRANCH OF A GREAT JUNGLE TREE BEHIND THE BAHINDI VILLAGE, CROUCHES THUN'DA, KING OF THE CONGO...

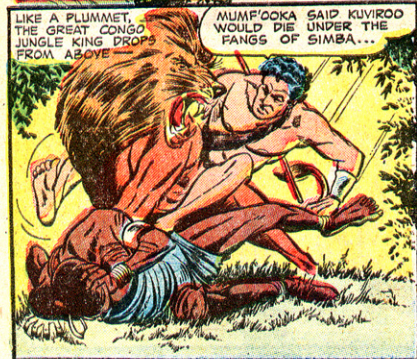
THEY ARE CHILDREN, BELIEVING SUCH NONSENSE! AH, WELL—MUMF'OOKA IS SLY, BUT NOT EVIL...



THE MOON IS HIGH AND FULL TONIGHT. THERE WILL BE GOOD HUNTING. SO I'LL FORGET MUMF'OOKA AND HIS CLEVER LITTLE SCHEME...AND THINK ONLY OF THE JUICY MEAT OF SLEETA, THE DEER...



BUT—SOME DAYS LATER...



CLINGING WITH FIST AND LEGS TO THE TAWNY BACK OF SIMBA, THUN'DA PLUNGES HIS HUNTING KNIFE DEEP INTO THE LION'S SIDE...



THE JUNGLE SHAKES TO THE ROAR OF THE WOUNDED LION, BUT THE MAN-THING STAYS ON HIS BACK...

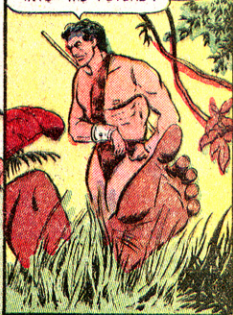


AND THEN SIMBA COUGHS WEAKLY AND CRUMBLES...

YOU ARE A GAUNT, HUNGRY LION! YOU HAVE NOT FED IN MANY DAYS!



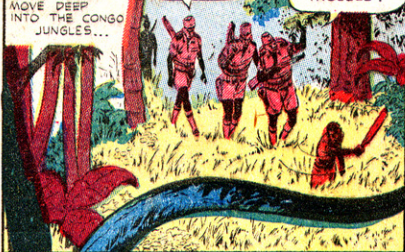
KUVIROO—HIS FACE IS GONE! IT IS AS MUMF'OOKA FORE-
TOLD! CAN IT BE THAT THE
WITCHDOCTOR REALLY SEES
INTO THE FUTURE?



OTHER MEN
WONDER THAT
SAME THING, AS
A COLUMN OF
KENYA POLICE
MOVE DEEP
INTO THE CONGO
JUNGLES...

THE TRIBES
ARE FLOCKING
AROUND
MUMF'OOKA!

HE'S STIRRING
UP TROUBLE
ALL RIGHT—
BIG
TROUBLE!



NOT ONLY THE BAHINDI
BUT THE BAZOOLI AND
KWAHILI TRIBES ARE
JOINING FORCES
WITH HIM!

ATTACKING
MISSIONS
AND TRADE
CARAVANS!

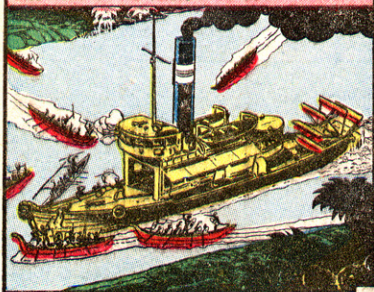


FOR A DREAM
HAS COME TO
MUMF'OOKA—
A DREAM OF
POWER! IN
THE JUNGLE!
THE TRIBES
LISTEN TO
HIS WORDS,
AND THE
GLINT OF
SUNLIGHT
ON THEIR
SPEARS SHOW
THEIR WORSHIP
OF THIS MAN
WHO READS
THE FUTURE!

I HAVE SEEN THE FUTURE!
WITH YOUR SPEARS, YOU SHALL
RULE THE JUNGLE, AND I WILL
BE YOUR KING!



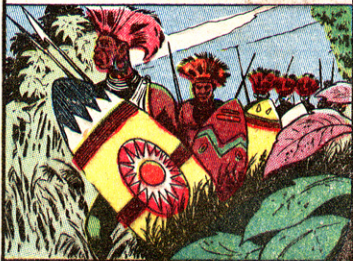
THE RIVER STEAMERS ARE THE FIRST TO FEEL THE FULL FURY OF THE AROUSED TRIBES...



THE TRADING POSTS GO UP IN BLACK, BILLOWING SMOKE...

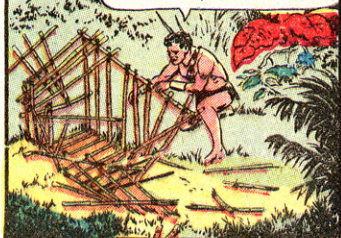


THROUGH THE JUNGLE PATHWAYS TROT THE WARRIORS, BRINGING THEIR GRIM MESSAGE OF DEATH TO ALL WHO DO NOT JOIN MUMF'OOKA...



MEANWHILE...

AN OLD BAMBOO CAGE—WITH THE SPOOR OF SIMBA STILL UPON IT! SIMBA MUST HAVE BEEN KEPT PRISONER FOR A LONG TIME, AND THEN RELEASED!



SO THIS IS HOW MUMF'OOKA SEES THE FUTURE! HE CAUSES IT TO HAPPEN! HE HID THE CAPTIVE LION—RELEASED IT AS KUIVROO APPROACHED!

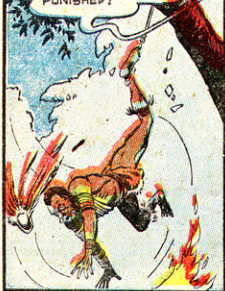
MUMF'OOKA MUST BE TAUGHT A LESSON! HE HAS FORGOTTEN THAT THIS IS THUN'DA'S JUNGLE—AND THAT ALL WHO DO EVIL IN IT SHALL BE PUNISHED BY THUN'DA!



THAT NIGHT, AS THE CEREMONIAL FIRES BLAZE BRIGHTLY, A LARIAT, FORMED OF JUNGLE GRASSES, DROPS TOWARD MUMF'OOKA...



MUMF'OOKA—YOU HAVE BROKEN THE LAW OF THUNDA! YOU HAVE LIED AND TRICKED THE PEOPLE OF THE JUNGLE. FOR THAT YOU SHALL BE PUNISHED!



HANG THUS, UNTIL DAWN COMES! PERHAPS BY THEN, YOU WILL HAVE REPENTED OF YOUR SLYNESS, AND DISCOVERED SOME WISDOM!

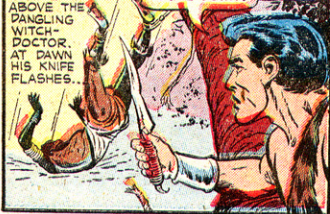


YOU SHALL RULE THE JUNGLE NO LONGER, THUNDA! EVEN NOW I SEE YOUR DOOM—CHOKED TO DEATH BY THE LOWEST THING THAT GROWS—A VINE!



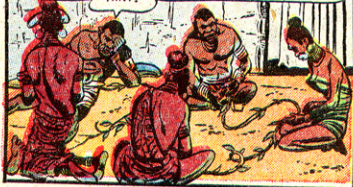
ALL THAT NIGHT, THUNDA SITS LIKE A GRAVEN STATUE ABOVE THE DANGLING WITCH-DOCTOR. AT DAWN HIS KNIFE FLASHES...

I FREE YOU! AS FOR YOUR PROPHECY OF MY DEATH, I FORGET WHAT YOU SAID. NO MAN CAN SPEAK THE TRUTH—UPSIDE DOWN!



RAGING WITH FURY, HALF NUMB BECAUSE OF HIS NIGHTTIME POSITION AT THE END OF THUNDA'S ROPE, MUMF'OOKA PLANS REVENGE...

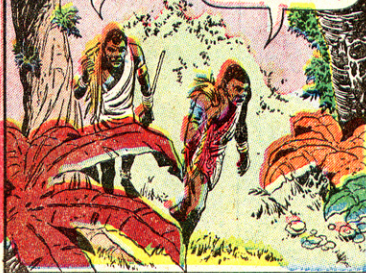
WEAVE THE VINES AROUND THE ROPE! THEN SEEK OUT THUNDA IN THE JUNGLE—AND HANG HIM!



NAKED FEET PAD-PAD TIRELESSLY ALONG THE TRAIL...

THUNDA IS SOMEWHERE IN THE JUNGLE!

WE ARE TO STAY OUT UNTIL WE FIND AND—SLAY HIM!



ONE AFTERNOON, AS THE JUNGLE KING STALKS FLEETA...

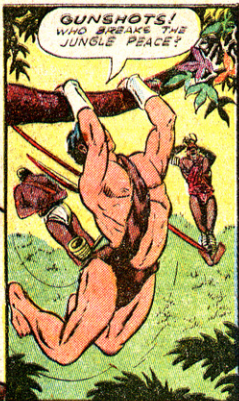
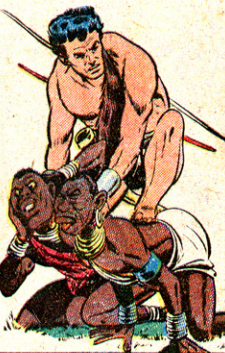


BUT THE KEEN EARS OF THE GREAT WARRIOR HEAR THE TINKLE OF THE BRASS ORNAMENTS WORN BY THE SAVAGES. HE WHIRLS—

SO **THIS** IS HOW MUMFOOKA IS GOING TO BRING ABOUT MY DEATH AS HE FORSAW IT, IS IT?

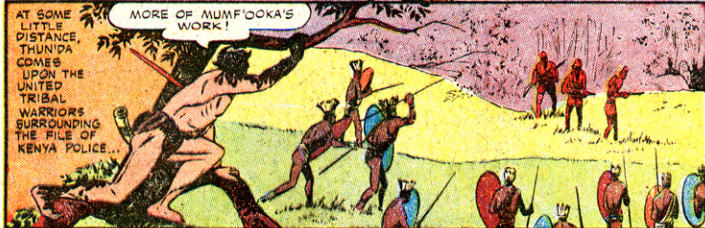
I SHALL BRING YOU TO—WHAT'S THAT?

GUNSHOTS!
WHO BREAKS THE JUNGLE PEACE?

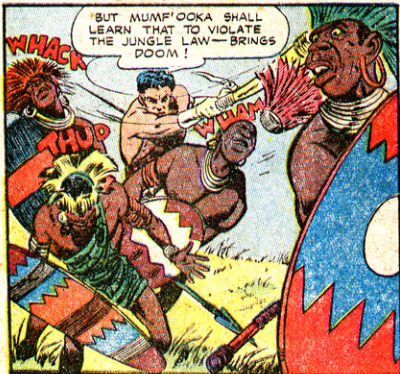


AT SOME LITTLE DISTANCE, THUN'DA COMES UPON THE UNITED TRIBAL WARRIORS SURROUNDING THE FILE OF KENYA POLICE...

MORE OF MUMFOOKA'S WORK!



BUT MUMFOOKA SHALL LEARN THAT TO VIOLATE THE JUNGLE LAW—BRINGS DOOM!



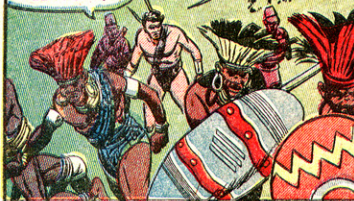
LIKE AN ANGRY TIGER, THUN'DA DRIVES HERE AND THERE. WHERE HE STRIKES, DEATH GRASPS TIGHTLY!



IN DEATHLY FEAR OF THE JUNGLE KING, THE TRIBAL WARRIORS THROW ASIDE THEIR WEAPONS AND FLEE...

MUMF'OOKA'S A REAL BAD 'UN, ALL RIGHT!

MUMF'OOKA'S DAYS ARE NUMBERED!



RIGHTO! WE'RE GOING TO ARREST HIM!

ARREST HIM? AMONG HIS FOLLOWERS? THEY'D KILL YOU IN AN INSTANT. I HAVE A BETTER PLAN! MUMF'OOKA MUST BE EXPOSED FOR THE FRAUD HE IS!



IN A LOUD VOICE, THUN'DA ACCUSES MUMF'OOKA OF TRICKS INSTEAD OF SUPERNATURAL VISION...

NEXT DAY, AS THE SUN RISES HIGH IN THE AFRICAN SKY—

SUMMON MUMF'OOKA! I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT A FAKER HE IS!



HE HID A LION TO KILL KUVIROO! HE SENT MEN TO SLAY ME. HE DID NOT SEE THE FUTURE—HE MADE IT HAPPEN! HE KILLED AND CHEATED AND STOLE—AND YOU BELIEVED HIM!

DO NOT LISTEN TO HIS LIES! I SEE HIM DEAD ON THE GROUND HERE, YOUR SPEARS STICKING IN HIM!



AS HIS FOLLOWERS MOVE FORWARD, MUMF'OOKA FEELS THE MIGHTY HAND OF THUN'DA! TERROR SHAKES HIM LIKE THE AGUE!

ONE MORE STEP—AND THIS FRAUD DIES! TELL ME, MUMF'OOKA—WHAT DO YOU SEE IN YOUR FUTURE NOW?

STOP! STOP! DO NOT HARM HIM! IT IS AS HE SAYS! I HAVE BEEN TRICKING YOU!



THE KENYA POLICE MOVE INTO THE KRAAL, THEIR RIFLES AT THE READY...

YOU HEARD HIM! TAKE HIM WITH YOU, BACK TO CAPETOWN!



LIKE LEAVES BLOWN BEFORE THE WIND, THE TRIBES MELT AWAY, LEAVING MUMF'OOKA ALONE TO FACE HIS CAPTORS...

I WILL READ YOUR FUTURE, MUMF'OOKA! YOU WILL SPEND THE REST OF YOUR DAYS LOADED IN CHAINS FOR YOUR CRIMES. THUS END ALL WHO BREAK THUN'DA'S LAWS OF THE JUNGLE!



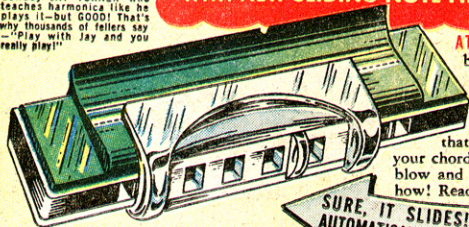
THE END



Radio's Super-Special
HARMONICA STAR
Cowboy JAY TURNER who
teaches harmonica like he
plays it—but GOOD! That's
why thousands of fellows say
—"Play with Jay and you
really play!"

play Red Hot HARMONICA MUSIC In 8 Minutes Flat!

RICH CHORDS AND TRICKIEST TUNES A SNAP WITH NEW SLIDING NOTE FINDER-HARMONICA!



AT LAST, a way to get hep to being a real harmonica maestro in a few **FAST MINUTES!**

Leave it to Big Jay to dope out a sensational new "SLIDING NOTE FINDER" Harmonica

that picks out your notes . . . adds your chords . . . does **EVERYTHING** but blow and take your bows! Fun . . . and how! Read exciting details below!

SURE, IT SLIDES! PICKS OUT ANY MELODY! AUTOMATICALLY ADDS CHORDS! NO NOTES TO READ!



Play For Dancing



They'll Sing With You

only
\$1

A STAR OVERNIGHT—THAT'S YOU!

Honest, Pal, you don't know what real fun is 'til you get "harmonica hot"—the exciting Jay Turner way! Boy, Oh Boy! Watch the gang gather when you swing those cowboy favorites! Hear 'em whistle and sing as you roll into "Little Brown Jug" and "Oh! Susanna!" And will you have to beat it fast to escape the girls' Sinatra-swoons. Then at dances, hikes, picnics wherever pals and gals get together, who's Mr. Popularity? Nobody else but you!

LOOK! FREE!

JAY'S NEW, ALL-PICTURE SPEED COURSE!

YOU LEARN LATEST RHYTHM ROPES whizzing through Jay's exciting Speed Course! You don't even have to read a note of music. You just whiz along with plain-as-plain PICTURE directions. Then in 8 zippy minutes, you're whizzing through harmonica music that makes super-swell listening. Speed Course gives you music, words and "works" for 38 of your all-time favorites like—Yankee Doodle, Old Black Joe, Oh, My Little Darling, For He's A Jolly Good Fellow, Home Sweet Home, Reuben Reuben, Comin' Thro' The Rye, Pop Goes The Weasel—and 30 MORE!



Star At Outings

A CINCH—WITH JAY'S "SLIDING NOTE FINDER!"

You name it! Be-bop or swing, cowboy or hillbilly tunes, waltzes, hot jazz or jumpin' jive—Jay's magic SLIDING NOTE FINDER actually picks out the right notes for you as it slides back and forth over the top of your harmonica! You don't fuss around trying to hlow through 10 different openings of the harmonica. Instead, you use just ONE SINGLE opening in your MAGIC SLIDING NOTE FINDER. Right away you're playing the melody. Then, like magic, the NOTE FINDER automatically adds the right chords—and you're making like a real radio professional!

GRAB JAY'S "NO RISK" OFFER TODAY!

When your pal, Jay, says "No Risk"—he means just that! So treat yourself to this never-before harmonica deal today. Then if in 8 minutes flat you're not playing actual tunes, just shoot back the MAGIC "SLIDING NOTE FINDER" HARMONICA, and you get your dollar back at once! HURRY, this may be your last chance!

Plus FREE DOPE ON HARMONICA TRICKS!

Want to imitate a train coming in? Scare all the girls with hair-raising "Ghost Noises"? It's EASY with Jay wising you up on these and lots more professional harmonica tricks!

SNAP UP JAY'S "NO RISK" OFFER NOW!

RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY!

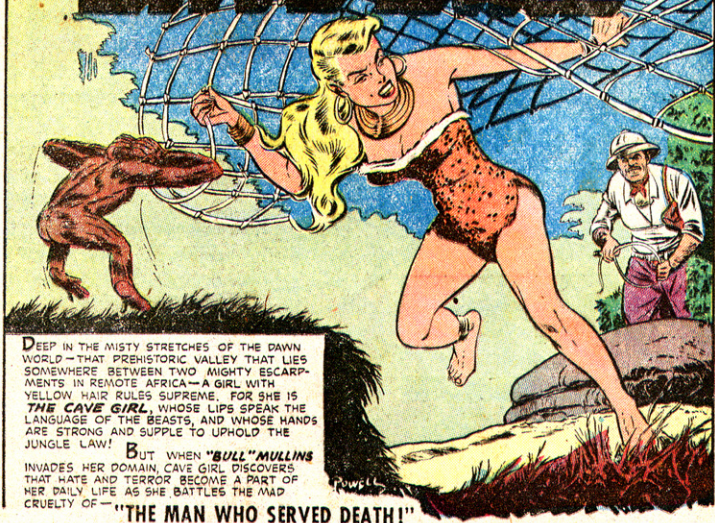
MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES, 11 Park Place, DEPT. T3 New York 7, N. Y.
OKAY, JAY! I enclose \$1.00. Shoot me my MAGIC "SLIDING NOTE FINDER" HARMONICA, plus FREE SPEED COURSE and FREE dope on HARMONICA TRICKS. If I'm not delighted, I may return the Harmonica in 3 days, and get my \$1 right back.

Name Please Print Plainly

Address

City Zone State

CAVE GIRL



DEEP IN THE MISTY STRETCHES OF THE DAWN WORLD—THAT PREHISTORIC VALLEY THAT LIES SOMEWHERE BETWEEN TWO MIGHTY ESCARPMENTS IN REMOTE AFRICA—A GIRL WITH YELLOW HAIR RULES SUPREME. FOR SHE IS **THE CAVE GIRL**, WHOSE LIPS SPEAK THE LANGUAGE OF THE BEASTS, AND WHOSE HANDS ARE STRONG AND SUPPLE TO UPHOLD THE JUNGLE LAW!

BUT WHEN "**BULL**" MULLINS INVADERS HER DOMAIN, CAVE GIRL DISCOVERS THAT HATE AND TERROR BECOME A PART OF HER DAILY LIFE AS SHE BATTLES THE MAD CRUELTY OF—

"THE MAN WHO SERVED DEATH!"

"**BULL**" MULLINS IS A BAD MAN—BAD EVEN FOR THIS LAND WHERE VELD AND JUNGLE PRODUCE KILLERS. FOR HE IS MEAN AND CRUEL, AND HIS WHIP DRIVES HELPLESS MEN BEFORE HIM...

ON YOUR FEET, YOU SWINE! I'M NOT PAYING GOOD MONEY FOR NOTHING!



EVEN TINY ANIMAL CUBS FEEL THE WEIGHT OF HIS BIG HANDS—

HA! HA! A BLACK LEOPARD CUB! HE'LL MAKE A GOOD PET FOR BULL. BUT FIRST—I'LL HAVE TO TEACH HIM WHO IS **MASTER!** HA! HA!



By accident, Bull discovers the ancient trail that leads from known Africa into the Dawn World...

A whole new valley lying here—I've never even heard of it! Huh! If I can file claim to this, I'll be the richest man on the continent!

But there are dangers here that Bull Mullins has never faced...

A hairy mammoth! Two times as big as an elephant—and he's gaining on me!

Some little distance away—

A man—screaming in terror, Nikki!

Cheeka—cheeka...

It is Druthga, the shaggy monster, who chases the man! I can hear his scream of fury!

At the end of a strong vine, she swings downward, right before the enraged tusk's pounding feet—

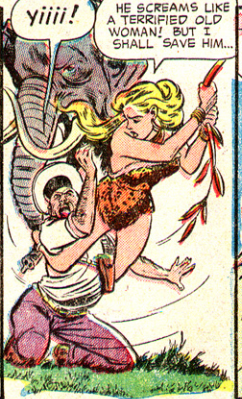
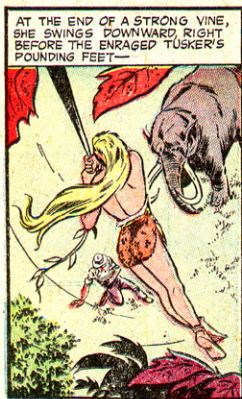
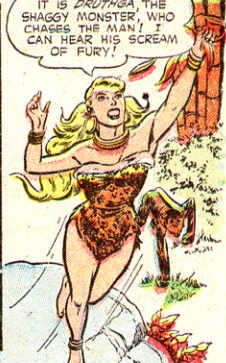
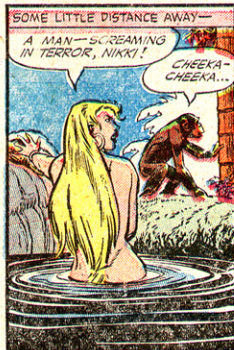
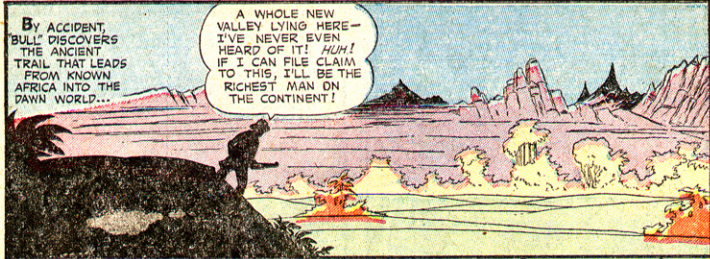
yiii!

He screams like a terrified old woman! But I shall save him...

A moment later—

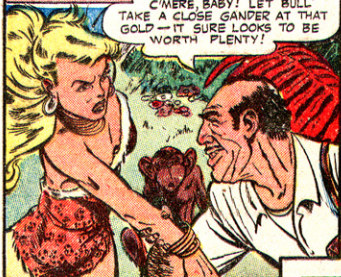
You are safe here... but what are you doing in cave girl's land?

What a dame! And look at the gold bracelets she's wearin'! This is my lucky day!



"BULL" MULLINS KNOWS ONLY ONE WAY OF TAKING WHAT HE WANTS —

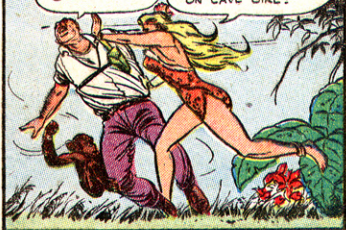
C'MERE, BABY! LET "BULL" TAKE A CLOSE GANDER AT THAT GOLD — IT SURE LOOKS TO BE WORTH FLENTY!



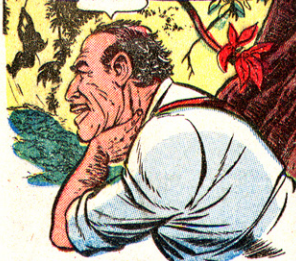
BUT CAVE GIRL HAS FOUGHT APES AND GORILLAS! HER HAND WHIPS AROUND AND BULL REELS BACK.

GGGGG....!

NO MAN PUTS HANDS ON CAVE GIRL!

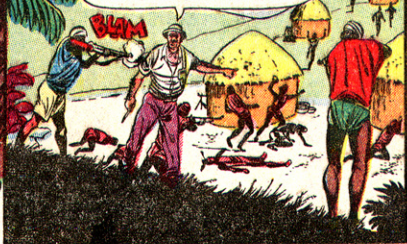


HA! WHAT A GIRL! STRONG AS AN ORANG-OUTANG! BUT SHE WON'T GET AWAY FROM "BULL" MULLINS! I'LL FIND HER — IF I HAVE TO TAKE THIS PLACE APART!



TWO DAYS LATER "BULL" MULLINS AND HIS ARMED BEARERS MOVE IN ON A LITTLE VILLAGE OF HILL PEOPLE...

THEY GOT GOLD! WE'LL FIND OUT WHERE THEY GET IT — AND TAKE IT AWAY FROM 'EM!



COOKING POTS — OF SOLID GOLD! WHAT KIND OF PLACE HAVE I STUMBLERD INTO?

A BETTER PLACE THAN YOU'RE USED TO!



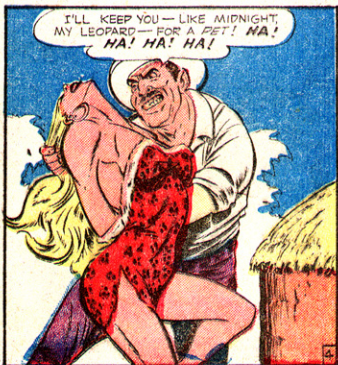
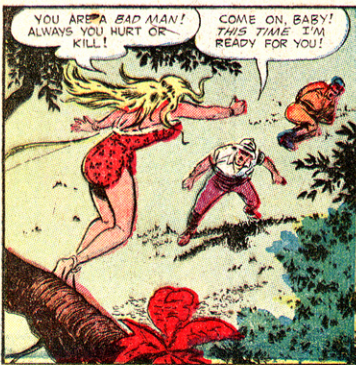
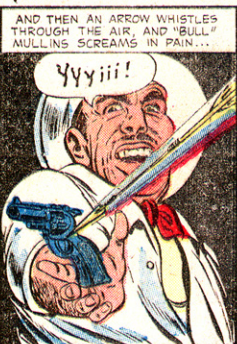
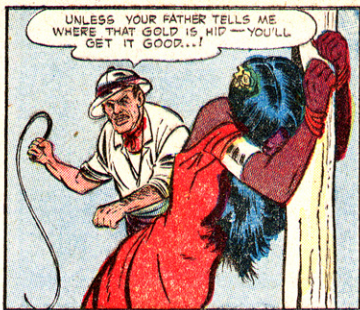
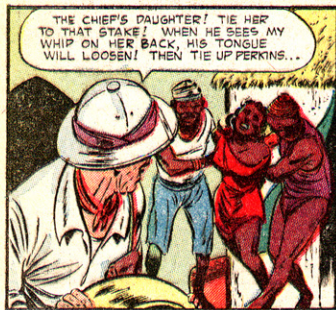
HUH? WHO'RE YOU?

ALAN PERKINS, AN ANTHROPOLOGIST! I FOUND MY WAY INTO THIS DAWN WORLD — AND LIVED WITH THESE PEOPLE. I'M ON THE TRACK OF SOMETHING BIG — THE MISSING LINK!

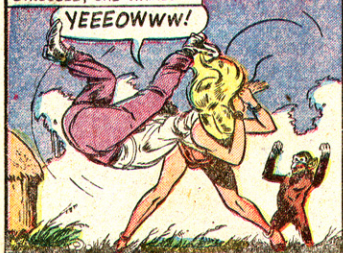


OH, YEAH? I'M ON THE TRACK OF SOMETHING BIG MYSELF — GOLD! AND NOBODY'S GOING TO STOP ME!





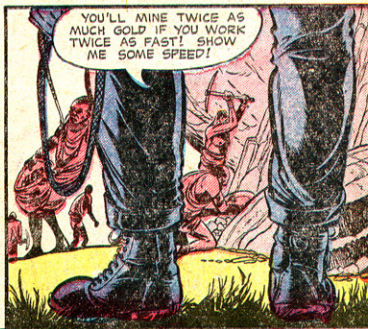
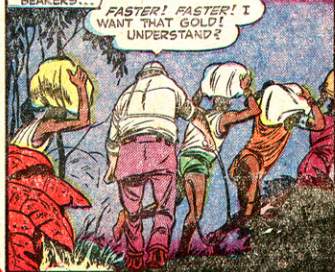
BUT CAVE GIRL FIGHTS AS DO THE ANIMALS, NEVER GIVING UP UNTIL DEATH ENDS ALL STRUGGLE, SHE WHIRLS—



CUTTING ALAN PERKINS LOOSE, CAVE GIRL LEADS HIM INTO THE SAFETY OF THE DEEP JUNGLE—



FURIOUS AT THE ESCAPE OF HIS PRISONER, AND HIS MANHANDLING AT THE HANDS OF CAVE GIRL, "BULL" MULLINS VENTS HIS RAGE ON HIS BEARERS...



ON THE RETURN JOURNEY, FATE HANDS "BULL" A GIFT—

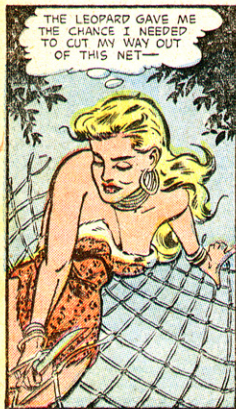
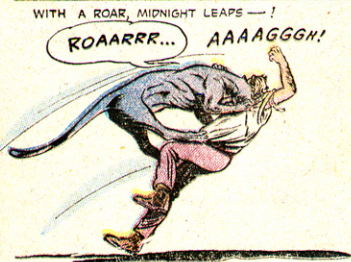
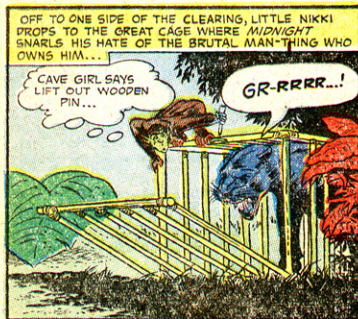
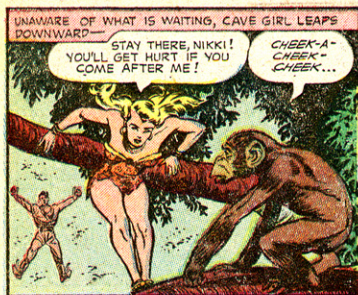


I'LL USE YOU AS **BAIT** TO BRING CAVE GIRL IN! SHE'LL TRY TO RESCUE YOU—



—AND WHEN SHE DOES, THIS NET GOES OVER HER! SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO FIGHT INSIDE 7'x5'!





THE END

LOOK-LOOK PREMIUMS or CASH



BE FIRST

ACT NOW

BOYS - GIRLS
MAIL COUPON



OUR 58th YEAR

BE FIRST

We Are Reliable

WE TRUST YOU

Act Now
1000 Shot "Red Ryder" Repeater Air Rifles with tube of shot, Candid Cameras with carrying cases, Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE used for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Our 58th year. **WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. 102-E, TYRONE, PA.**

LOOK-LOOK PREMIUMS or CASH

Boys
Girls
Ladies



Boys
Girls
Ladies
Men

Act Now
Be First



Lovable fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Ukuleles, Wrist Watches, Jewelry, School Bags (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** Pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Mail coupon now. Be first. Act now. Our 58th year.

WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. 102-G, TYRONE, PA.



Our 58th Year

RECEIVE-PREMIUMS-CASH

BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES

ACT NOW - BE FIRST

MAIL COUPON

WATCHES



OUR 58th YEAR

SEND NO MONEY - WE TRUST YOU - ACT NOW

Wrist Watches, School Boxes, Pen & Pencil Sets (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked in catalog sent with your order

postage paid by us to start. Mail coupon today. We are reliable. **Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 102-H, Tyrone, Pa.**

BE FIRST - ACT NOW PREMIUMS or CASH COMMISSION

Mail Coupon



OUR 58th YEAR

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BE FIRST

TAKE YOUR CHOICE PREMIUMS or CASH

ACT NOW

BE FIRST

BOYS
GIRLS
LADIES
MEN



58th YEAR

Footballs, Archery Sets, Fishing Outfits, Billfolds (sent postage paid). Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your starting order postage paid by us. Write or mail coupon today. Be first. **Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 102-K, Tyrone, Pa.**



BE FIRST
ACT NOW

BE FIRST



58th YEAR



ACT NOW

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 102-ME, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:-Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

NAME..... AGE.....

ST..... R.D. NO..... BOX.....

TOWN..... STATE.....

Print LAST Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW